

O yes.

If any Man or Woman, any thing desire,
Let them repaire forthwith vnto the Cryer.
To the tune of the Parrator.



226.



O yes,

If any man or woman,
In Countrey or in City,
Can tell where liueth Charity
or where abideth Pity?
Bring newes vnto the Cryer,
and their reward shall be
The prayers of poore folkes every day,
vpon the humble knee.

O yes,

If any man hath gon
so long vnto the Law,
What he hath lost his wits,
and is not worth a straw,
That to regaine the saddle,
is glad to lose the horse,
Let them turne downe by Beggars-bush
and rest at weeping-crosse.

O yes,

If any man there be,
that loues the crafty Foxe,
And yet the mumping Canny,
will firret with a poxe:
Let him come to the Cryer,
and for his inst reward,
He may dye in an Hospitall,
and sinke within the parde.

O yes,

If any loring Wench
doth misse her Mayden-head,
And knowes not where she lost it,
abroad or in her bed,
Let her come to the Cryer,
and pay him for his paine,
And tell the markes of it, and she
shall haue it straight againe.

O yes,

If there be any Ostler,
has lately lost a Pagge,
By lodging in his hay-mowe,
of euery Tag and Rag,
And now is forced to pay for't,
let him trust knaues no more:
But now the Stead is stolne, be sure
to shut the stable doore.

O yes,

If any Man or Woman,
or Mayden, if she be,
That hath by any sodaine chance,
lost some small honesty,
Let them come and demaund it,
they shall haue their desire,
Without telling the markes of it,
or paying of the Cryer.

45. b. 26. 290.

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The second Part.

To the same tune.



O yes,
If any gentle Lady,
In Court or in the City
Hath lost all her Complexion,
The Crier in mere pittie,
Hath got a box of beauty,
The like was never seene,
Full of the purest Red and White,
To couer blacke or graine.

O yes,
If any gallant Squires,
Who neare their bodles spare,
In any great hot seruice,
Haue strangely lost their hayze,
Let them come to the Crier,
And straight he will them fit,
With curled locks which like the best
To couer all their wit.

O yes,
If there be any Cut-purse,
That the last market day
By chance did cut a Purse that went
Unwillingly astray,
With twenty Pounds in money,
Let him forthwith appeare
And if he chance to scape the rope,
He shall haue whipping chaire.

O yes,
If there be any Woman,
The which hath lost her tongue,
To helpe her to recouer it,
Would doe her husband wrong:
For thus the good-man wishes,
If that she be a scold,
With all his hart that she might take
An euermoring cold.

O yes,
If theres any man or woman,
That can directly tell
Wheres any Petty-fogger,
That takes no bybes, doth dwell,
Bring word vnto the Crier,
He shall be payd therfore,
For he will neuer plead aright
The causes of the poore.

O yes,
Or is there any here
Can tell me any newes,
Where dwells an honest Broker,
That neuer will refuse
To take ten in the hundred,
Of such a one I pray,
Bring word to me. I am his friend
A tweluemonth and a day.

O yes,
If there be any man
Hath lately lost his wife,
Who neuer since she saw liuing,
Did lead an honest life;
Let him thre market dayes
Expect to see his euill,
Or mounted in a Cart, or else
Shes gon vnto the deuill.

O yes,
If there be any Nurse
That will her skill engage,
To finde a sucking Infant left,
Of twenty yeares of age;
And let her bring him home,
She shall be welly payde,
And haue her praises prickt & prickt,
And sent away no spide.

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FINIS.